

SARIS

PROJECT OFF WORLD

Lyrics by Henrik Wager, Music by Derk Akkermann & Henrik Wager

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Wish it Away

Verse

Turn me round
Gotta get get me high on God
Never take what I've got
Gotta untie this knot
Gotta another mount to climb, there's a plan of my design
Still waiting for the sign, sacrificed before my time x2
Waiting for my calling, waiting for my calling, waiting for my calling.
I can't believe there's a life for me outside this jungle of fortunes and martyrs and lies.

Chorus

The sword is the language of the unheard,
Wars are for those who want the last word.
But if there is nothing left to say,
I'll just close my eyes and wish it away.

Verse

Shut me down
Never getting through the night
Never been so uptight,
Wound up like dynamite
Tapping into every vein, all the brothers that were slain
Injustice is a chain, this hate will fan the flame.
Waiting for my calling, waiting for my calling, waiting for my calling.
Who can believe in a lost generation with vengeance so cold that it's clouding their eyes.

Chorus

The sword is the language of the unheard
Wars are for those who want the last word.
But if there is nothing left to say,
I'll just close my eyes and wish it away.

See me here, I can taste the fear, I can feel it near, its a new frontier.
See me now, a new king in town, If you take me down, I will live forever.
If I pray will you make it ok, If I stray will you show me the way,
if I lose can I try it again, If I kill would it make me feel Zen.
Get out! Get out! Get out!

You could be the light in my rainbow, you could be sight in crossbow.
I know what's right for me, I love my enemy, I'll change my destiny, my heart is breaking me.
Somebody tell me when it's gonna end, it's gonna end.

Verse

In this town
People running everywhere
Looking with a vacant stare
Smell of burning in the air.
I'm a fighter I'm a guide, got an army by my side
rising anger rising tide, in death I'll come alive.
Waiting for my calling, waiting for my calling, waiting for my calling.
No one believes in the future in front of me, nobody taught me to open my eyes.

Chorus

The sword is the language of the unheard
Wars are for those who want the last word.
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